



Santa's Leftover Magic

An extra special story about Jack and Tilly
turning everything more Christmassy.



In winter, the sky can be awesome.

Especially when you look up at night.



You'll see some sparkly green MAGIC.

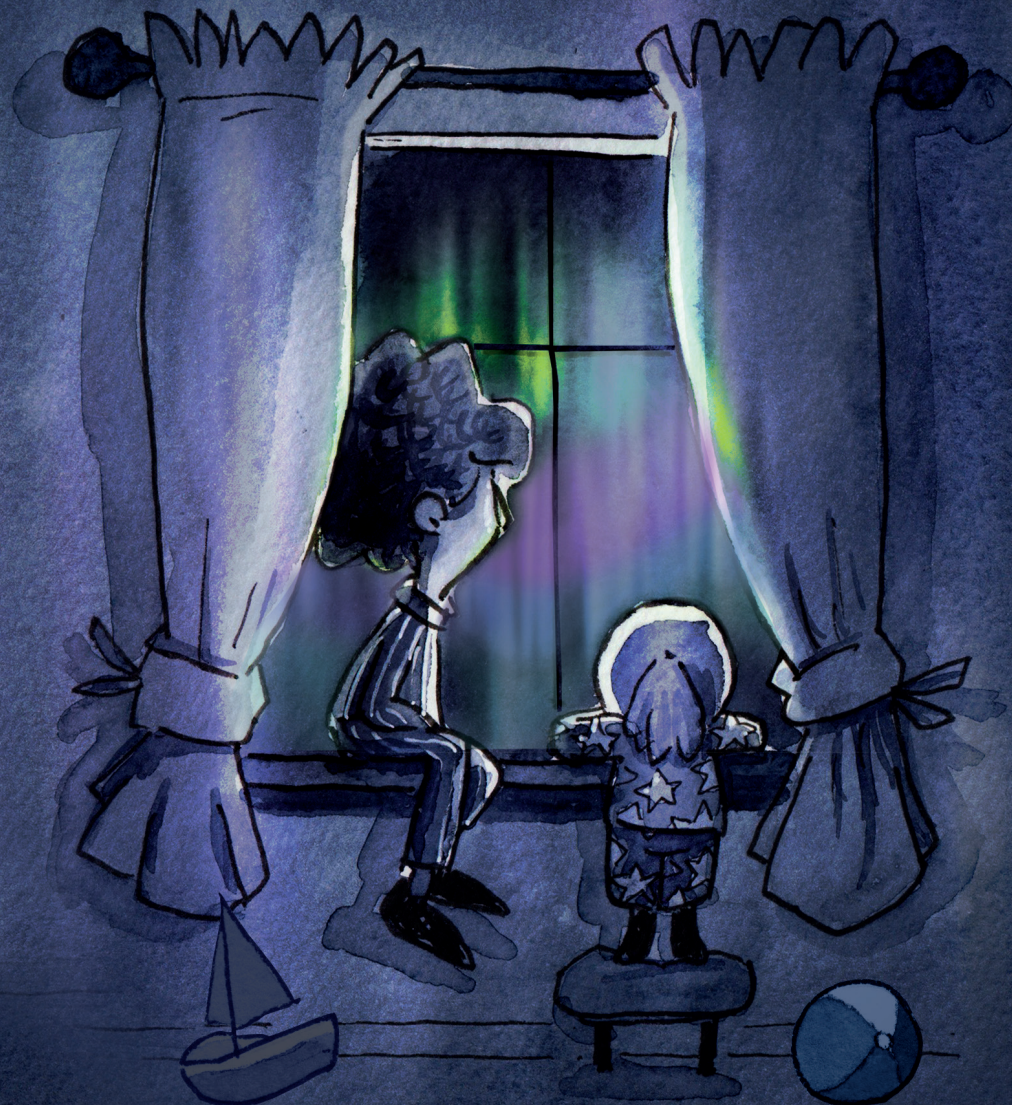
Grown-ups call it "The Northern Lights".

Jack and Tilly noticed it one evening.

Swirling around in the sky.

But they knew what the grown-ups didn't.

“That’s magic from when Santa flies by”.



You see, Grandad would tell them both stories.

Tales that the grown-ups don't teach.

Like the one about Santa's green magic.

Up there and just out of reach.

I t w a s a n i g h t l i k e t h i s w h e n i t h a p p e n e d .

T i l l y h a d a c h e e k y i d e a .

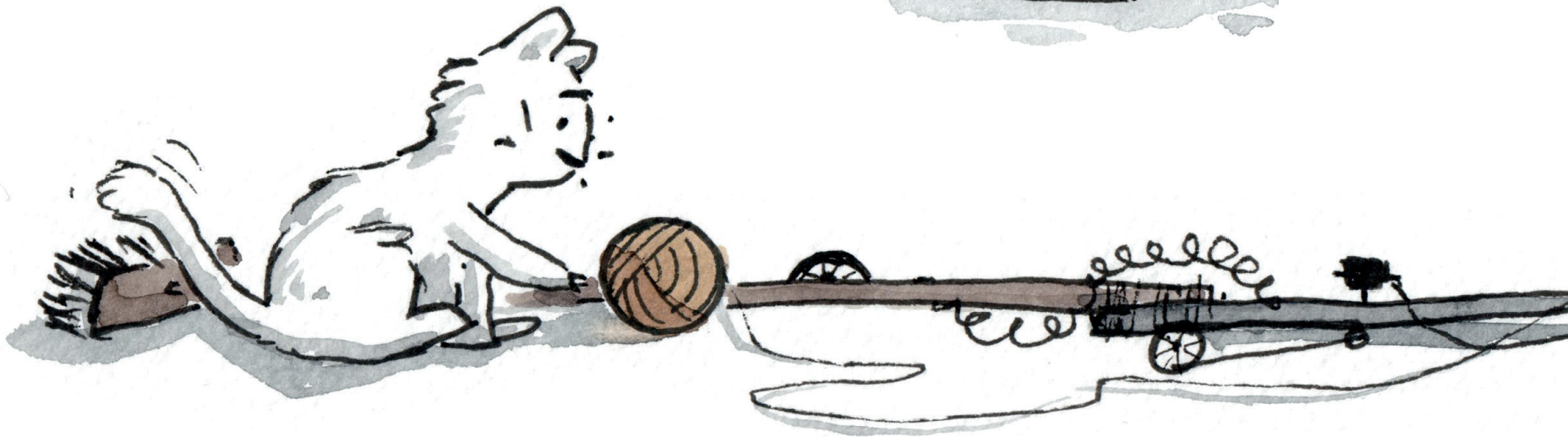
“ I f t h a t r e a l l y i s C h r i s t m a s m a g i c .
L e t ' s c a t c h s o m e a n d b r i n g i t d o w n h e r e ” .



So, they started to build a collector.



A pickle jar should do the trick.



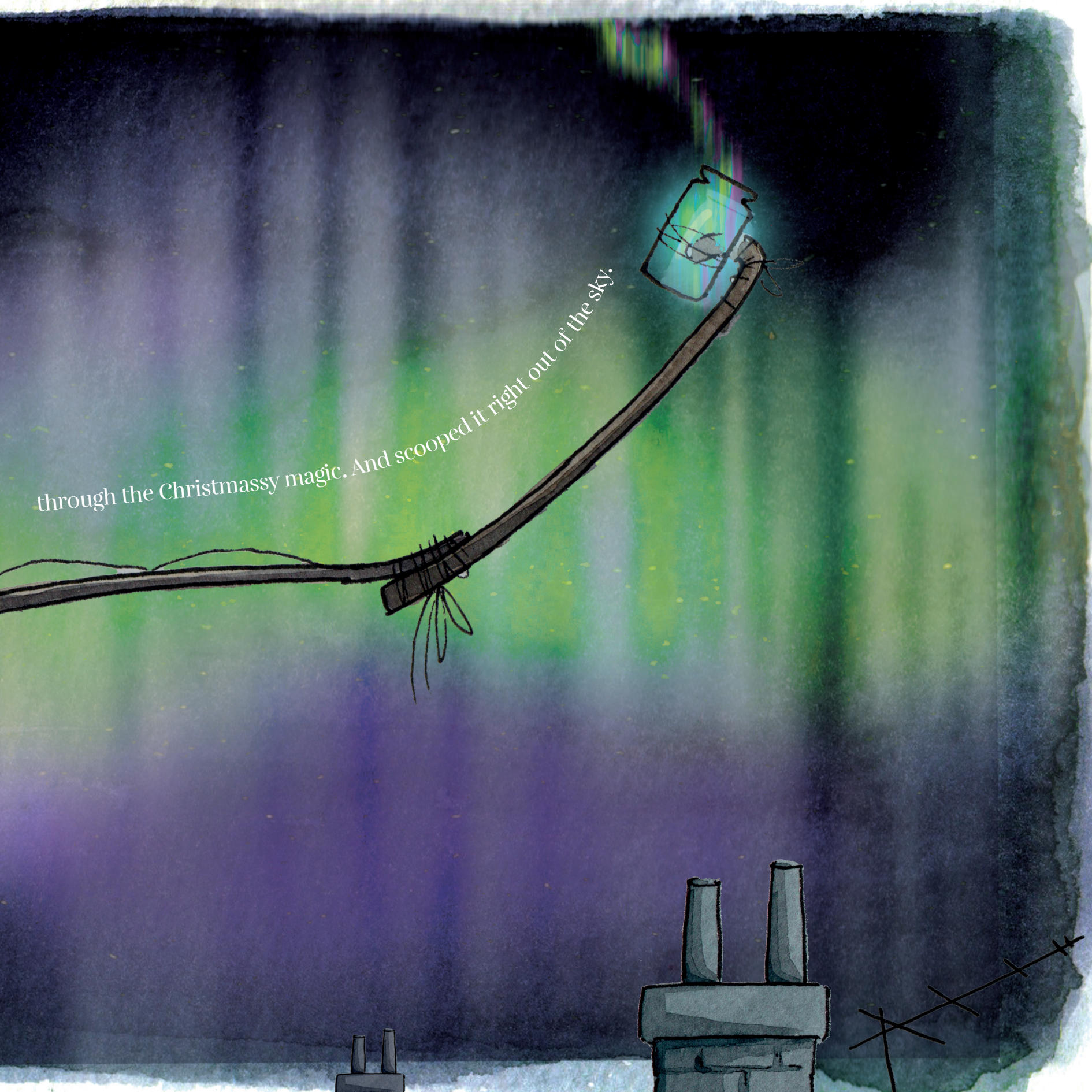
They
stuck it
on top
of the
world's
tallest
pole.



Made from string and tape and sticks.

They hoisted their giant stick skyward. The jar must have been a mile high. It swished





through the Christmassy magic. And scooped it right out of the sky.

The pair could
hardly believe it.
Grandad's story
turned out
to be true.

They had a
jar of Santa's
green magic.
They both knew
what Grandad
would do.



"Let's spread the magic"
said Tilly.

"We can sprinkle
it everywhere".

This Christmas would
be extra special.
Because they decided to share.



Jack threw a splash
of green magic.

It was bouncing
and spinning
around.

Then with a rumble
and deafening
POP.

A Christmas tree
WHOOSHED
from the ground.



They
sprinkled
a drop
onto
Grumbles.



The friendly family cat.
He instantly turned
more Christmassy.



With matching Jumper, baubles and hat.

A dash of magic here,



a splash over there.

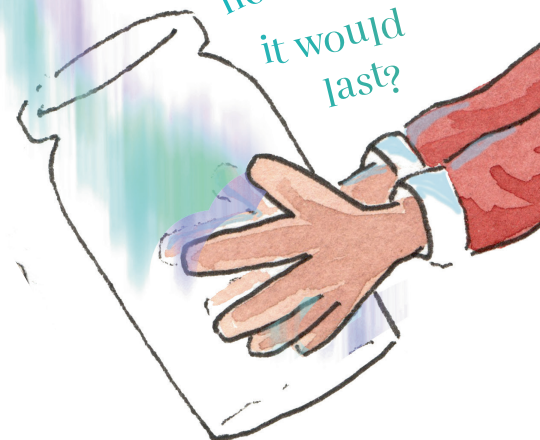


Jack and Tilly
were having a blast.



As they shared
all their Christmassy magic.

They
wondered
how long
it would
last?



The whole street was totally bonkers.
An explosion of Christmas and lights.



Candy cane lampposts, giant paper hats.
Such a fantastical sight.



At the end of the
street is a big house.
With no lights,
no laughter, no cheer.
Grumpy Mr Jones
never liked Christmas.
“It’s the same old
rubbish every year”.



Jack took a
great big handful.
And threw magic
right at the door.

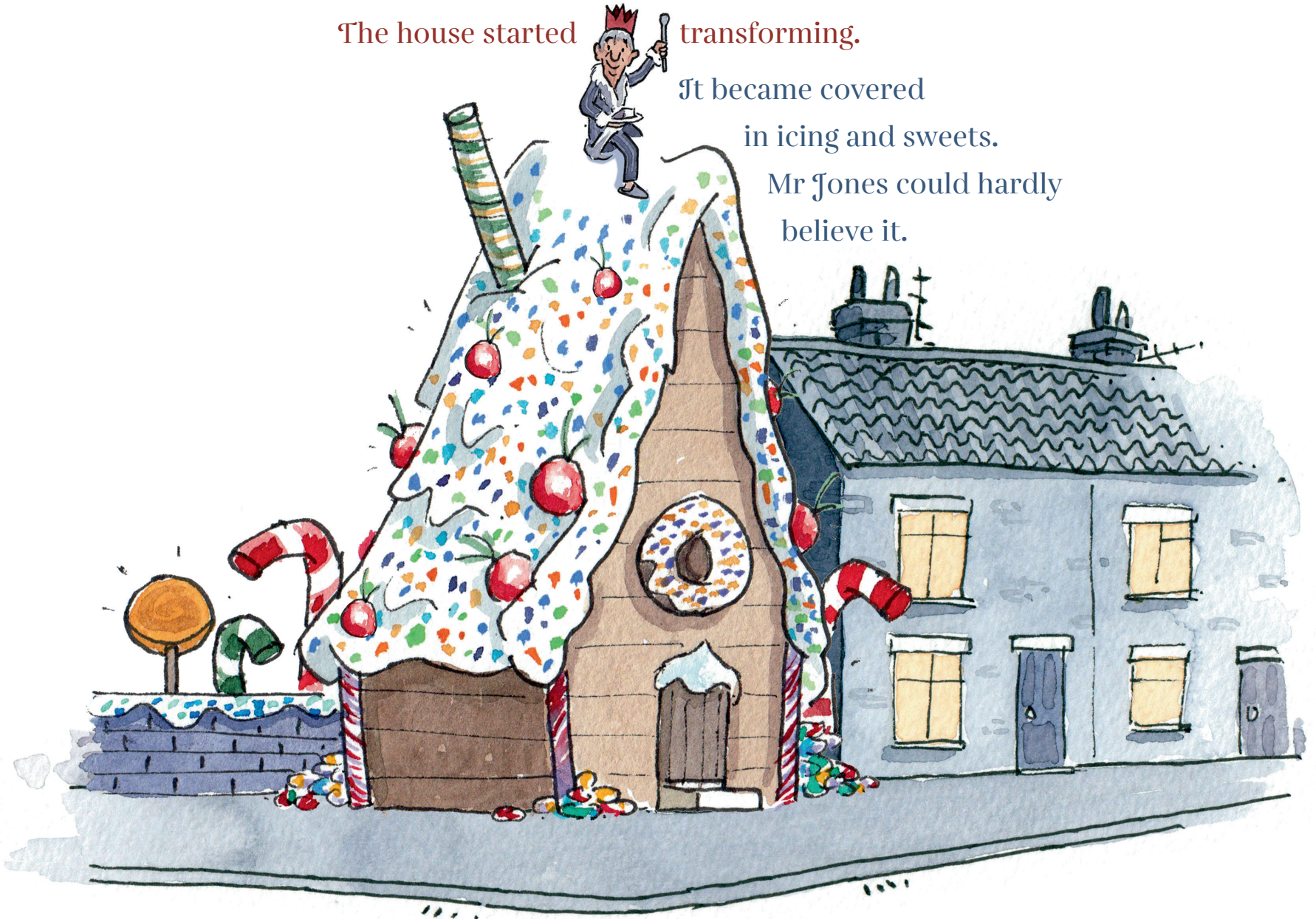
‘With a bang the
magic exploded.
Into a sight you’ve
not seen before.



The house started transforming.

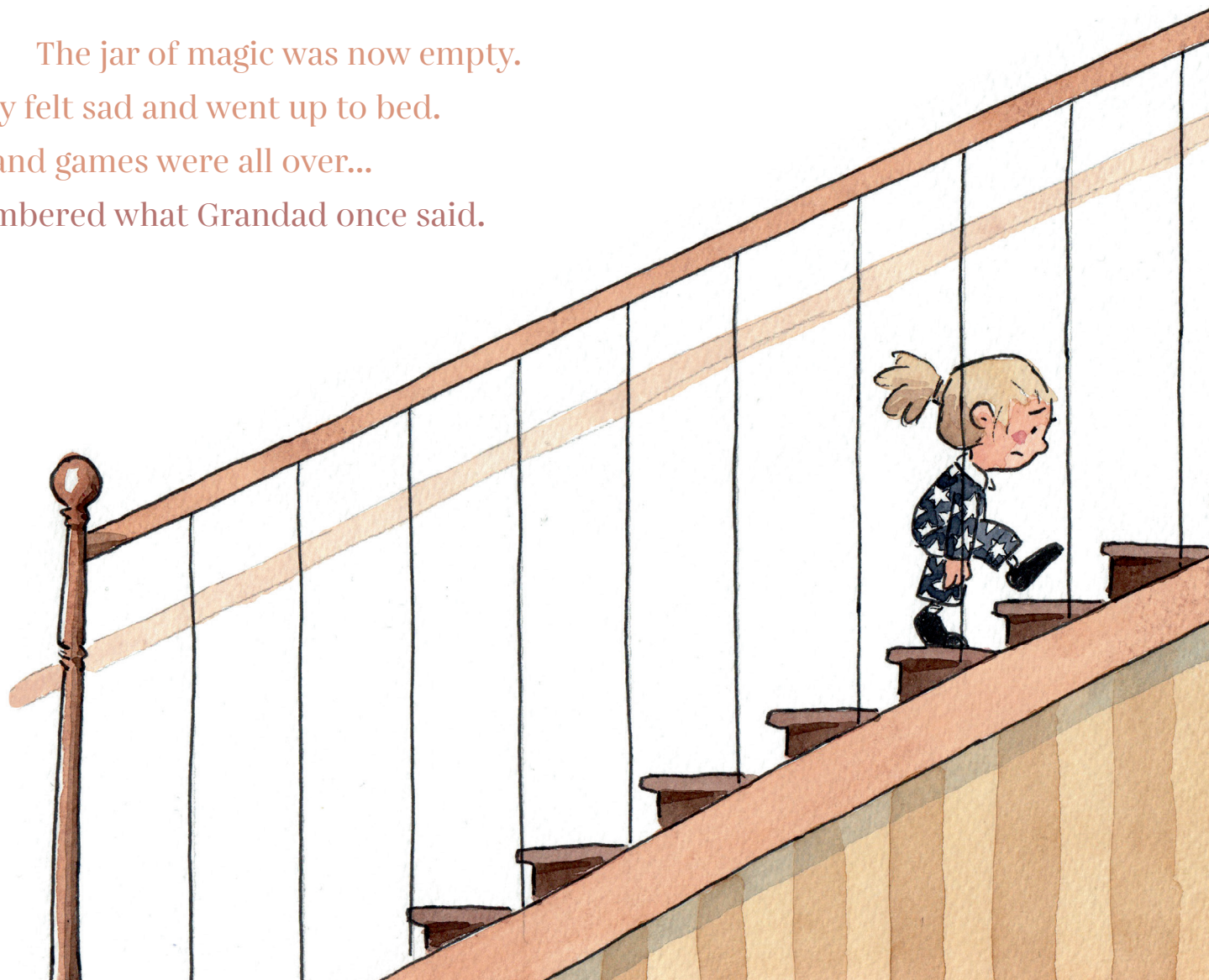
It became covered
in icing and sweets.

Mr Jones could hardly
believe it.



“What a yummy...mmm...scrummy
...mmm... Christmassy treat”.

The jar of magic was now empty.
Tilly felt sad and went up to bed.
The fun and games were all over...
But Jack remembered what Grandad once said.



"If you ever
run out of magic.
Just wait until
ten past ten.



That's when
Santa pops to
the shops.
There'll be magic
in the sky
around then".

Later, as Tilly
was sleeping.

Jack did
what Grandad
would do.



He filled
the jar
with more
magic.

“Merry Christmas Spud,
this is for you.”



So, if you look up one evening. And see the Northern Lights in the sky.
You'll know what the grown-ups don't tell you. It's the MAGIC from when Santa flies by.







The End